

WEARY OF ROUTINE

People of Villages of the Ukraine Hold Peculiar Celebration on Resurrection Sunday.

Railways and waterways cannot attain their fullest efficiency unless they are linked by good highways. "Build the road to carry the load. Make the highway feed the railway. Transportation should touch every man's door. Build roads NOW." Roads are the tools of industry. Build them that industry may furnish employment. "The railway, the waterway, the highway, are the trinity of transportation and these three are one." "Build now the National, State and County roads needed and prosperity will ride to every American's gate." "Build now good roads where they are needed so that Good Times can come to every American's home without delay." "Build now—money spent wisely for good roads will come back because the roads will bring it back." "Build now good roads and see how quickly Good Times will roll down those roads." "Build now—you can notice the earmarks of Prosperity along good roads." W. B. WILSON, U. S. Dept. of Labor

Abu Simbel.

The temples of Abu Simbel are a group of rock-cut shrines in the banks of the Nile. The four giant colossal statues of the entrance to the main temple gaze tranquilly over the river from their rocky perch. For ages these huge figures have kept their vigil by the waters, weary yet faithful sentinels of the Nile. They are supposed to represent Rameses the Second, and smaller figures of the great king's queens and children keep watch with their husband and father.

Offing the Wheels.

No one can afford to let another person exceed them in politeness, and there is nothing in the world that will all the wheels of life like the lubricant of courtesy. Try it in your daily life and see. No one will chide you for not being in good form, even if you should slip in a few obscure terms. For in this busy age each one is an arbiter of fashion oneself. It would be a refreshing thing to introduce a few of the old-fashioned variety of social amenities—at least it would be cheering to the elders of some of boys and girls of the period.—Exchange.

Filipino Youths Like Club Work.

Children in the Philippine Islands are taking up with enthusiasm club work similar to that organized by the United States Department of Agriculture. It is reported that 28,467 boys and girls in the Province of Pangasinan alone, last year, were in the various boys' and girls' clubs. Various kinds of club work are represented in the islands, but the clubs which have the largest enrollment are those devote to gardening, cooking and sewing. The work has been growing steadily since it was started several years ago. Efforts are being made to make 1919 the banner year.

He Takes the Blue One.

Of course you've heard about the hardworked guy whose job was to pick the blossoms off the family century plant; the bloke who sticks the spots on double-blank dominoes and the smart whose life work is making bird seed for cuckoo clocks, but the champion, double-bowknotted, floatin' axled and vulcanized war loafer is the cuss who said he was doing war work by picking up the stitches his wife dropped when she knitted.—Indianapolis Star

Aniline in a Pigment.

To detect the presence of aniline in a pigment a little of the color is laid upon a piece of letter paper, and a drop of spirit poured upon it. If the pigment contains an aniline dye, the paper will be colored right through by it, while a pure pigment will not alter the shade of the paper and will under no circumstances penetrate it.—Popular Science Monthly.

Witches Burned in Mexico.

The days when the Spanish Inquisition executed men and women as magicians and witches are recalled by a piece of news from Mexico to the effect that two old women were burned alive on the charge that they were guilty of spreading Spanish influenza. The item in question was sent recently to the Revista de Yucatan, published in Merida, Mexico, by a correspondent in San Luis Potosi—a city in the same republic. It read: "A countryman who was a prisoner of the rebels headed by the terrible chief Cedral tells awful tales of the horrors caused by the superstition of Cedral's men."

"The ravages of the Spanish influenza, he says caused these men to believe that they were due to the activities of witches, for which reason they arrested three unfortunate old women who lived in the hills among which the said rebels travel on their plundering expeditions."

"After their arrest the poor old women were subjected to horrible torture until, finally, they were forced to confess that they were indeed witches. They were then condemned to be burned and were forthwith consigned alive to the flames."

Daily Thought.

That act of contemplation creates the thing contemplated.—Disraeli.

There are 80 dozen eggs in a bushel.

Eternal Protest Against Sameness of Things.

Act of Man Who Died Rather Than Submit to the Wearisome Commonplaceness of Life Causes Interesting Comment.

A newspaper item reports the suicide of a man who declared that he was tired of everlastingly lacing his shoes and then unlacing them again. Petty enough the act appears in the grist of the day's news, but the report of it (be it fact or fiction) lingers in the mind till against a larger background of time it begins to take on significance, even to find a place beside immortal acts of legend and familiar attitudes of art. Here was a man who found the master knot of his life in his shoe lacing. Was he a fool or a hero? Alexander has fame for an act which as a symbol might have much the same significance, a resolute blow of the sword through the Gordian knot, which disposes of the difficulty without solving the problem. For himself the suicide had dismissed routine with a suave gesture and with superb finality, but he leaves mankind in the attitude of Laocoon, agonizingly entangled in shoe lachings, the serpent routine, huge, insensate, unrelenting. In its grip man writhes forever, hopeless of escape. To this group the suicide waves a jaunty farewell—"The best of luck to you," he says. "I'm out of it, anyway!"

Whatever our scorn for him, we must admit that he voices unmistakably the eternal human protest against routine; that it is really only in the sameness of his gesture and the supreme finality of the rejection that he goes beyond the rest of us. The feeling that commanded his act is nearly the most universal of human impulses. We all rebel bitterly in the days when heaven lies about us, and the later shades of the prison house are nothing more than the creeping paralysis of hopeless submission. Only those of us who have trodden the mill so long that we are almost irremediably subdued to what we work in prefer, in such times as these when we have the choice, counters and ledgers to trenches and barbed wire. The lad who with a whoop of joy flings behind him his columns of figures or vaults the counter in his eagerness to rush into poison gas and machine-gun fire, though his gesture is one of bravery rather than suavity, is that of Alan Breck, rather than of Beau Brummel, makes his rejection of routine no whit less final than does the hero of the newspaper item. And he is not the one in a million who makes the National army.—Robert E. Usher in Harper's Magazine.

Geological Survey a War-Map Printer.

The contribution to the war of the map engraving and printing plant of the United States geological survey, department of the interior, has not been limited to the reproduction of the surveys executed by the topographic engineers, but has included the reprinting of hydrographic and British admiralty charts in large numbers for the navy department and of various military maps of French and Belgian areas for the war department. Motor-truck route maps and airplane route maps have also been compiled and printed for the use of the army, as well as special charts and maps for use at instruction camps. An interesting use of this specially equipped printing plant has been the regular issue of camouflage charts for the navy. The regular geologic map work has given place during the period of the war to these exigency calls for color printing for military purposes.

Preparation.

These twelve-year-old twins are in the seventh grade of a Terre Haute school. Both have paper routes and with the proceeds from them buy their own clothes and Thrift stamps. It takes self-denial often to buy the stamps, but still they always buy every Monday morning.

When the bond sale began recently their teacher taught them the song: For your boy and my boy, and all the boys out there. Let's get together for the U. S. A. and do our share.

She noticed that Clinton and Fred did not sing with enthusiasm and wondered. But at noon she learned the reason. Clinton brought her a crumpled five-dollar bill. "It's for a bond for Fred and me," he explained. "It will keep us humping to pay it out, but we're goin' to do it so we can sing that bond song and not feel like slackers when we're doing it.—Indianapolis News.

"Industrious Youth."

An industrious youngster has been busy at Palo Alto, Cal., during the past season with a war garden. It is about 70 feet square. On that patch of ground he planted a variety of garden truck, cared for it all summer long and did the selling. He realized something like \$100, which he invested in Liberty bonds and War Savings stamps. Besides this he stored away in the cellar a fair quantity of squash and other vegetables for winter use. The youngster is Rev. E. J. Gillespie, retired, eighty-three years old.

He Changed the Subject.

"Miss Wombat, do you think two can live as cheaply as one?" "I have never given the matter any thought. When I get married I expect to make the money fly."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Ukraine is the richest and most thickly settled district of Russia. Travelers will remember it as a plain of never-ending wheat fields, a land of silent, friendly peasants, of colorful dress and curious folk customs. Large cities are few, but there is a village every few miles.

The people of the villages, and even the more enlightened folk of the cities, have retained some traditional observances peculiar to the land. One of the most curious of these was a part of the celebration of the Greek church holiday, Resurrection Sunday. This date was up in a few years ago the occasion for a municipal free-for-all fight in many Ukrainian cities.

The people of the city were divided into two camps. Sometimes the city was divided into halves; more often the division was made into the true urban dwellers on the one hand, and the suburbanites on the other. All the able-bodied men, and still more enthusiastically, all the small boys, poured into the streets for battle. No weapons of any kind were used; even sticks and clubs were barred. Fists were employed freely, however, and any man could get literally all the fight he wanted.

The combat sometimes raged all day. Any time some combatant had "enough," he needed only to indicate as much, and the crowd was bound to part and let him through. He was then barred from further participation. The battle sometimes ended with one party or the other driven from the field, but usually the decision was a draw and nothing but a collection of bruised knuckles and sore heads remained to show for it.

The origin of this custom has given rise to considerable speculation. It is probably due to the fact that the Ukrainians were for centuries a fighting people. In the middle ages they were continually involved in petty warfare with the Cossacks and the Tartars. When the "balance of power" peace descended upon Europe, they seem to have turned instinctively to warlike sports to keep alive the fighting spirit among the people. In view of recent developments, the recourse would hardly appear to have been a success.—Chicago Daily News.

War Activities of Geological Survey.

The special training of the geological survey engineers made them available for effective war service both overseas and in this country. The large amount of technical data collected through the years by the geological survey was found to possess a value not anticipated, and the official machinery organized for scientific investigation of the subjects within the geological survey's province was also utilized in the more intensive inquiries required as each industrial or military need arose. The increase in the geological survey's representation in the army from 61 men at the beginning of the fiscal year 1918 to 322 at the end of the year (462 on November 11, 1918) necessarily involved a serious reduction in the man power available for other contributions to war work. Yet it is believed that both in variety of scope and in volume of results the war activities under direction of the geological survey, department of the interior, were more important during the closing months of the year than ever before.

One of Twain's Heroes.

One of Mark Twain's famous "bad men" wasn't bad at all, according to those who were well acquainted with the character. In the book "Tom Sawyer" "Injun Joe" is a half-breed renegade who murdered Doc Robinson while helping to rob a grave to get a body for the dissecting table.

But the old people of Hannibal declared "Injun Joe" was a kind-hearted negro who had been a slave, and that he had never done a real mean thing in his life except to aid and abet Mark Twain and his pals when they played hooky from school and went to the river, says an exchange. Then "Injun Joe" would row the boat for them and take them to some good "fishing holes." But bad he was not.

When someone told him Sam Clemens had "put you in a book," and showed him the ferocious picture labeled "Injun Joe," the real character "grinned from ear to ear" and was proud of it.

Remarkable Gipsy Funeral.

Jazz funeral music and three mourners signaled the funeral procession of a gipsy at Adelaide, Australia, recently. In front of a photographer's the cortege halted while the body was snapped in its coffin. Then the march was resumed with a crowd supplementing the three mourners. The high cost of wines prevented the sprinkling of champagne and wines into the grave, but perfume was substituted to conform, as nearly as possible, with the gipsy custom. Fingers of the body were literally covered with diamond rings, and several hundred dollars in coins and bills was tossed into the coffin.

Well Known in the Fraternity.

One of the first men a young sergeant ran into after having been transferred from one camp to another was a fraternity brother from his home town. During the conversation the sergeant spoke of having met another fraternity brother at his former camp and asked his friend if he knew him. "Know him! Well, I should say I do! He owes me \$125." Another soldier standing near whom neither of them knew said: "I know him better than that. He owes me \$200."

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